**A Tale of Love and Loss**

**A story in the style of Oscar Wilde by Isabella Zentner-Groebl**

“Goodbye”, said the woman who had just moved in down the street in these outskirts of the city, close to the borders of a vast forest. She now was the new neighbor of a young woman named Ophelia who had grown up in this little village. Ophelia was known for her kindness, her love for gardening and her unyielding spirit. She was a very open and extrovert person who felt a deep connection with the earth. Meanwhile the new neighbour, whose name was Lorelai, was quite the opposite. She indeed was very kind but a more withdrawn und introvert soul. Minutes before saying goodbye Ophelia had told her a lot about the village and the magical flower in her garden which had always been there to fulfill one wish. They became close friends and started to meet up more often.

They spent most of the time in Ophelia’s garden where all of the flowers were blooming in many different colors, more beautiful than Lorelai had ever seen or could even have imagined. As those two became closer everyday of their lives they fell in love with each other. None of them dared to tell the other because they were scared that they could ruin the friendship. One day though, Ophelia took heart and asked Lorelai to marry her. She gave her a violet rose from her garden as a present. Lorelai was amazed by the beauty of the rose. She had never seen something more lovely than this rose and of course she said “Yes”. After they got married the moved in together and they both kept the garden nurtured and blooming. They made a lot of memories together and traveled a lot as well.

They got older and older and one day Lorelai got sick. She suffered from memory loss. At first Ophelia handled it very well and they still had adventures and were sitting on the grass in their garden and ate fresh dark red and sweet strawberries. She helped Lorelai a lot and always cared for her. Then it got worse. Lorelai couldn’t remember where she was and that they were in love and married. Later on, she couldn’t remember who Ophelia was and couldn’t remember her name. Ophelia didn’t know what to do so she went outside to think. Ophelia noticed the magical rose shining brighter than ever. She knew now she could tell the flower her deepest wish and she wanted to help her wife. Meanwhile Lorelai was getting worse, and the rose didn’t work. As it was almost time for Lorelai to go to the world beyond Ophelia decided to place the rose in the hands of her dearest lover. Lorelai was already weak, and Ophelia was ready to let her go. When Lorelai held the rose something extraordinary happened. She started to say with her old rough voice, “My dear Ophelia, you were the brightest star in my universe you were the sun on cloudy days. You were the one making me feel better about myself and you have fulfilled the expectations I had for my life. You never left me even when I was my worst. You are such a kind person. Please never let people tell you otherwise. Keep being nice to everyone and everything given to you. Keep being the woman I fell in love with, the woman who has always made me proud and stunned and amazed by whatever she did. I love thinking about my life and I cherish the memories in which you are in. I remember the first time we met and our first goodbye. Now this is going to be the last. I love you and I always will, my love. Goodbye.”

She remembered! Ophelia smiled and tears of sadness and happiness rolled down her cheeks as her beloved Lorelai closed her eyes.

“Goodbye”, she whispered.